

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

—Why, that you are my daughter?

Hell. That I am not.

Old. Cou. I say I am your Mother.

Hell. Pardon Madam.

The Count *Resillon* cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, he from honored name:

No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,

My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I

His seruant liue, and will his vassall die:

He must not be my brother.

Old. Cou. Nor I your Mother.

Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were

So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,

Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,

So I were not his sister, can't no other,

But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

Old. Cou. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,

God shiold you meane it not, daughter and mother

So strue vpon your pulse; vwhat pale agen?

My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see

The mistrie of your louelineesse, and finde

Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse:

You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd

Against the proclamation of thy passion

To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,

But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes

Confesse it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine eyes

See it so grosely showne in thy behaiours,

That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne

And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue

That truth should be suspected, speake, ift so?

If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:

If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,

As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaille

To tell me true lie.

Hell. Good Madam pardon me.

Cou. Do you loue my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris.

Cou. Loue you my Sonne?

Hell. Doe not you loue him Madam?

Cou. Goe not about my loue hath in't a bond

Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:

The state of your affection, for your passions

Haue to the full appeach'd.

Hell. Then I confesse

Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,

That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your

Sonne:

My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:

Be not offended, for it hurts not him

That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suite,

Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,

Yet neuer know how that desert should be:

I know I loue in vaine, strue against hope:

Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.

I still poure in the waters of my loue

And lacke not to loofe still; thus *Indian* like

Religious in mine error, I adore

The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,

But knowes of him no more. My deere Madam,

Let not your hate incounter with my loue,

For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,

Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,

With chastly, and loue dearely, that your *Dian*

Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie

To her whole state is such, that cannot choofe

But lend and giue where she is sure to loofe;

That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,

But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies.

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speake truly,

To goe to *Paris*?

Hell. Madam I had.

Cou. Wherefore tell true.

Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:

You know my Father left me some prescriptions

Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading

And manifest experience, had collected

For generall soueraintie: and that he wil'd me

In heede full 't reservation to bestow them,

As notes, whose faculties in clusue were,

More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,

There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,

To cure the desperate languishings whereof

The King is render'd lost.

Cou. This was your motiue for *Paris*, was it, speake?

Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;

Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,

Had from the conuersation of my thoughts,

Happily beene absent then.

Cou. But thinke you *Hellen*,

If you should tender your supposed aide,

He would receiue it? He and his Phisitions

Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:

They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit

A poore vnlearn'd Virgin, when the Schooles

Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off

The danger to it selfe.

Hell. There's something in't

More then my Fathers skill, which was the great't

Of his profession, that his good receipt,

Shall for my legacie be sanctified

By th' luckiest stars in heauen, and would your honor

But giue me leaue to trie successe, I'd venture

The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,

By such a day, an houre.

Cou. Doo'st thou beleue't?

Hell. I Madam knowingly.

Cou. Why *Hellen* thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,

Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings

To those of mine in Court, Ile staie at home

And praie Gods blessing into thy attempt:

Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,

What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

*Enter the King with diuers yong Lords, taking leaue for
the Florentine warre: Count, Rosse, and
Parrolles. Florish Cornets.*

King. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles

Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:

Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all

The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiu'd,

And is enough for both.

Lord. G. 'Tis our hope sir,

After

After well entred souldiers, to returne

And finde your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart

Will not confesse he owes the mallady

That doth my life besiege: farwell yong Lords,

Whether I liue or die, be you the sonnes

Of worthy French men: let higher Italy

(Those bated that inherie but the fall

Of the last Monarchy) see that you come

Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when

The brauest questant shrinks: finde what you seeke,

That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.

L. G. Health at your bidding serue your Maiesty.

King. Those girles of Italy, take heed of them,

They say our French, lacke language to deny

If they demand: beware of being Captiues

Before you serue.

Be. Our hearts receiue your warnings.

King. Farewell, come hether to me.

1. Lo. G. Oh my sweet Lord y you wil stay behind vs.

Par. 'Tis not his fault the spark.

2. Lo. E. Oh 'tis braue warres.

Par. Most admirable, I haue scene those warres.

Ros. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,

Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.

Par. And thy minde stand too't boy,

Steale away brauely.

Ros. I shal stay here the for-horse to a smocke,

Creeking my shooes on the plaine Mafonry,

Till honour be bought vp, and no sword worne

But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile steale away.

1. Lo. G. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it Count.

2. Lo. E. I am your accessary, and so farewell.

Ros. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.

1. Lo. G. Farewell Captaine.

2. Lo. E. Sweet Mounfier Parolles.

Par. Noble Heroes; my sword and yours are kinne,

good sparkes and lustrous, a word good mettals. You

shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine

Spurio his heatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on

his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it:

say to him I liue, and obserue his reports for me.

Lo. G. We shall noble Captaine.

Par. Mars doate on you for his nouices, what will

ye doe?

Ros. Stay the King.

Par. Vse a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble

Lords, you haue restrain'd your selfe within the List of

too cold an adieu: be more expresse to them; for they

wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster

true gate; ear, speake, and moue vnder the influence of

the most receiu'd starre, and though the deuill leade the

measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a

more dilated farewell.

Ros. And I will doe so.

Par. Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue most fi-

newie sword-men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lafew.

L. Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.

King. Ile see thee to stand vp. *(pardon,*

L. Laf. Then heres a man stands that has brought his

I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand vp.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate

And askt thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith a-crosse, but my good Lord 'tis thus,

Will you be cur'd of your infirmities?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?

Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if

My royall foxe could reach them: I haue seen a medicine

That's able to breath life into a stone,

Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari

With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch

Is powerfull to araise King *Pippen*, nay

To giue great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand

And write to her a loue-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doctor she: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,

If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may conuay my thoughts

In this my light deliuerance, I haue spoke

With one, that in her sexe, her yeeres, profession,

Wisedome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more

Then I dare blame my weakenesse: will you see her?

For that is her demand, and know her businesse?

That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good *Lafew*,

Bring in the admiration, that we with thee

May spend our wonder too, or take off thine

By wondring how thou tookst it.

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,

And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his speciall nothing euer prologues.

Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Hellen.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your waies,

This is his Maiesty, say your minde to him,

A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors

His Maiesty seldome feares, I am *Cressids* Vncle,

That dare leaue two together, far you well. *Exit.*

King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow vs?

Hell. Imy good Lord,

Gerard de Narbon was my father,

In what he did professe, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hell. The rather will I spare my praises towards him,

Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,

Many receipts he gaue me, chiefe one,

Which as the dearest issue of his practice

And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,

He bad me store vp, as a triple eye,

Safer then mine owne two: more deare I haue so,

And hearing your high Maiesty is toucht

With that malignant cause, wherein the honour

Of my deare fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,

With all bound humblenesse.

King. We thanke you maiden,

But may not be so credulous of cure,